

TO-DAY we enter upon the third year of our existence as a Semi-weekly, the first issue in that form having been given to the public two years ago yesterday, and during that time 208 numbers have been sent out. This has given almost double work to the editor and while we are satisfied with the pecuniary results of the Semi-Weekly, the difference between our income now and under the old weekly regime, is hardly sufficient to pay for the extra labor and trouble. Were it to be done again, we candidly admit that we would stick to the weekly, but having put our hands to the plow, we must not look back but press onward hoping that our most cherished wishes will be realized before many years. We have no right to complain even now, for we are doing as well as could be expected in a town of this size, besides we feel proud to be able to give our patrons two papers a week, when for so many years a weekly was unable to survive here more than six months or a year at a time. We are vain enough to think that we issue a reasonably good paper, while we believe all will agree with us that at \$2 per year it is the cheapest in the State. Just think of it, you who are accustomed to grumble at high prices, we send out 104 issues a year for \$2, less than two cents a copy, and we give you the news as fresh as it can be had. At the low price which we have fixed on the paper, it is unreasonable for any body to think we can afford to credit for subscription. We can not do it and we therefore trust that our patrons will not ask it. To those who have given us their generous support we return our heart felt thanks, and wish them and theirs the happiest of happy Christmases.

THE Fesian brotherhood is greatly increased at the hanging of O'Donnell and are holding meetings at various points to pledge themselves to avenge his death. We rather think there is more sympathy expended on O'Donnell than the occasion demands. He took it upon himself to murder a man, who deserved it, we must confess, but it was murder all the same, and he has no more than a stone for his reward. It would be a consummation devoutly to be wished, if our laws were so certain to punish murderers as those of the English. We would not have to chronicle one every issue if they were.

THERE are many reasons why Louisville should be selected as the place for holding the Democratic National Convention. It is near the centre of population, is easily reached from all quarters, has ample hotel accommodations and a hall sufficient for the assembling of the large crowd that will attend. Besides, no such convention has been held in a Southern city since the war, and perhaps a change of location may change the party's luck. Let Louisville have it by all means.

WE are glad to observe that Randall is to be Chairman of the Committee of Appropriations. Though considerably off on the tariff question, he has been too good a democrat to be entirely ignored and Mr. Carlisle has shown his good sense by appointing him. Joe Blackburn wanted the position, but then we would like to know what there ever was or ever will be in the shape of an office that Joe didn't want.

IT is with profound sorrow that we announce that Prof. Evangelina Apostolich Sophocles, the venerable occupant of the Greek Chair in Harvard University is dead. It was caused by trying to pronounce his own name.

IN a very sensible article the *Vermillion* shows the evils of the credit system and advocates that its merchants require monthly instead of semi-annual settlements. We commend the suggestion to our business men.

TAX Court of Appeals has decided that the act creating the railroad commission is unconstitutional and that the taxes assessed by it is valid and must be paid. The companies will now have to ante up.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Both the Court of Appeals and the Superior Court have adjourned till January 7th.

Frank James' bail for the murder of Oudler Throats, was fixed at \$5,000, failing to give which he hangs in jail.

Bull has been brought against R. T. Rabbit, the soap man, for \$100,000 damage or compelling to ruin a young girl.

Barley W. Huffer of Barren, Ky., was bunked out of \$680 by rogues who met him at the Depot in Cincinnati.

A. J. Bateman, Financial Secretary of a Louisville Lodge of Knights of Honor, is accused of embezzling \$400 of the Order's money.

The Cincinnati Southern wants to change its gauge from 5 feet to the standard, 4 feet, 8 1/2 inches, but the permission of the Legislature of both Kentucky and Tennessee will have to be obtained before it can be done.

During the past year the State of Kentucky paid \$100,918.81 for the prosecution of criminals, \$60,471.25 for the support of idiots kept by committees, and \$492,396.19 for charities, including appropriations to asylums maintaining idiots and lunatics kept by committees, and also the cost of transporting lunatics to asylums.

Fayette added 30 convicts to the army already at Frankfort this week.

The body of W. J. Rothwell a Virginian, was found in a horribly mutilated condition in Scott county.

Three sons of Elise Debusk, of Morgan county, Ky., aged fourteen, twelve, and eight were husking corn in a field. A dispute arose, which the older boy settled by drawing a revolver and shooting his younger brother through the heart.

The republican Senators held a caucus, and decided to postpone the election of a President pro tempore of the Senate until after the holidays. The democratic caucus has renominated the democratic officers of the Senate nominated two years ago, simply as a matter of form. No fight will be made.

As the case stands, all the assassins engaged in the Phoenix Park murder have been hanged. Carey, who told the truth about the murder, was assassinated in his turn, and his assassin has been hanged. England manages to make hanging a business matter. It has been but a fortnight since O'Donnell was executed.

PAINT LICK, GARRARD COUNTY.

Mr. William Green sold his farm to Mr. Cornelison for \$9,000.

D. G. Stanghter has the finest display of Christmas trix outside of the cities.

Jason Shamate is going to sell out lock, stock and barrel Saturday and will start to Miconi the first of January.

There will be a Christmas tree at Wainita College on the night of the 25th. The young folks are anticipating a gay time during Christmas.

Willis Adams, Jr., desires to state to those indebted to him, that all accounts on his books, not closed by cash or note, will be put in the hands of an officer January 2nd.

Mr. John Parks is suffering with a carbuncle on the back of his head. Mrs. Champ Shamate is quite sick. Mr. Claude Holston, of Virginia, is visiting relatives here.

The fastest time on record was made by W. L. Withers, of Lancaster, better known as "White Head," who was here on business Friday. He came up on the train and expected to go back on the next, but before he got through with his business the train whistled and came dashing up. Louis saw that it was run or get left, so he started with hat in hand and his coat-tail flitting in the breeze like a sheet on a clothesline on a windy day. But just as he got to the platform the bell rang and the train pulled out. Louis put on more steam and such another race was never run. He ran a few hundred yards and saw that he was not gaining, so he turned back and miled he believed he wouldn't go on that train. Uncle Billy Wearden gave him a fair start the next day and he won the race with all ease.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by John B. Fish.

W. G. Hatt has 50 head of good feeding cattle for sale. Address him at this place.

D. M. Cross has 20 mules for sale; also 10 horses and 10 mares. Address him at this place.

The young folks are going to have a Christmas tree Tuesday night for the benefit of the school at this place; all are invited to attend.

Track laying on the K. C. & E. R. has been delayed about three weeks by reason of the Keydome Bridge Co. having failed to put up the bridges in time.

Snow fell Tuesday night 5 inches deep and the weather has been very cold since. Snow at this season of the year is said to be a great benefit to wheat crops.

Times are growing monotonous up here. There has not been a killing for about two weeks. If somebody doesn't hurry up and kill somebody, old Rockcastle will lose her reputation for killing.

Elders A. J. Fike and Jesse Tyree, who have just closed a week's meeting at Freedom Church, send word that they have had a glorious meeting; 34 additions, nearly all by confession. Elder Fike is getting to be almost a second George O. Barnes.

J. L. Whitehead will spend his Christmas in Williamsburg. George Fish is home from Lexington for the holidays. Miss Virgie Rappert has closed her school at Pine Hill. Miss Belle Whitehead has finished her time at Livingston. There are several other schools that will be out this week.

The young ladies of the Christian church will give a supper next Monday evening at the church. The proceeds will be applied towards refurnishing the house. The admission will be 50c for each person. All are respectfully invited to attend and by so doing contribute something to our common benefit. Misses Ohio Williams, Maggie Adams, Ella Joplin and Ida Adams form the committee.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

Born to the wife of Dr. B. F. Walter, on the 16th, a boy.

Mrs. Curt Pierce died in this county, to day, of consumption.

Miss Annie Carroll, of this place, will be married to-day to Jack Adams, of this county. Mr. Adams is an industrious, prosperous young farmer.

The personal matters of R. O. Nelson and J. Wade Walker were sold Wednesday and Thursday by Dr. W. C. Montgomery, receiver; W. M. Kirby, auctioneer.

Miss Belle McGarry, of Lexington, is expected to arrive Saturday to spend the holidays with Miss Marion Woolford. Miss Lala McKinney, of Stanford, will be with Miss Fleece Coffey. Miss Kate Caldwell, of Sykes, will be with Miss Belle Anderson.

The Lancaster Hop Club, which has been in existence five years, will give one of their delightful impromptu hops at the Mason House on the evening of the 27th. During last winter they gave 12 entertainments, all of which were successful.

Clark Parra, formerly of this place, recently of Atlanta, Ga., has leased the Lancaster Hotel livery stable and has purchased carriages, stock, etc. He will take possession immediately and will refurnish the establishment with entirely new outfit in a few months.

Mr. Brock Johnston, book keeper for George Denay & Co., says we under estimated the amount of flour shipped by them. The exact amount shipped by railroad from Jan. 1, 1883 to Dec. 15, was 1,504,153 lbs., an average of 20,000 lbs. per week, besides they banded to Danville 25,000 lbs. This does not include their local trade which is considerable.

Sligh-riding has been indulged in only to a limited extent so far, simply from the fact that very few had made preparations for the snow, believing that this would prove no exception to the mild winters experienced for the last two or three years. So, however, should the snow remain a few days longer, the sligh-riding will be as numerous and annoying as swimming flies in summer. (This comparison is made from the standpoint of a bald-headed man.)

Miss Mamie Wicks, after an absence of several months visiting friends and relatives in Versailles and Nicholasville, returned home this week. H. Irwin and Melville Gatty are home from Louisville to spend the holidays. John Starns, who is attending the school of Pharmacy at Louisville, from Danville and John Fanklor, Custom-House employee at Louisville, came up to-day. Dr. Stephens and Allen Rothwell, of Centralia, Mo., spent a day or two with Sam Rothwell this week. Both were formerly of this county and went West years ago. Dr. Stephens has a fine reputation as a specialist for the cure of stammering. Misses Jennie Lackey, of this place, and Little Goodhue of New Orleans, have returned from a lengthy visit to Lexington, Paris and Georgetown. Their many friends will be delighted to have them amongst us during the holidays. Charley Rehl is back from Georgetown College to spend the holidays. Charley is preparing himself for the Baptist ministry and we have no doubt he will prove an ornament to the profession. Miss Julia Gill has returned from the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music to remain a few days. A large number of our students abroad will spend the holidays at home. They are coming in daily from every quarter. Miss Sallie Hopper entertained a number of her friends last evening at her home on Richmond st. All were delighted with her kind, hospitable treatment.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

Evans & Parra sold to Theo. E. Wood, on Wednesday, 100 feeding cattle supposed to weigh from 1,000 to 1,100 lbs., at \$50 per head.

Reed, the little son of Mr. R. S. Nichols, County Clerk, is very ill with pneumonia, this (Thursday) morning. Mr. J. L. Hinkle is attending to the business of the Clerk's office for the time.

License for the marriage of Mr. Giles Hawkins to Miss Nannie Bonta was issued by the County Clerk on the 17th inst. On the 19th, John M. Bailey and Annie Warren obtained papers of the same description.

The young men of Junction City and vicinity are preparing to give a hop at the Tribble House, Friday night. Quite a number of young people from this place will attend. A general good time is anticipated.

Rue & Minor sold on Tuesday to Woodward & Bradford, of Lexington, a five-year-old bay gelding, 10 hands high which has trotted in 2:40, for \$500. To same a bay saddle horse, 15 hands, 5 inches high, 4 years old, for \$200.

Mrs. J. E. Bolling, an elderly lady, fell and broke her leg between the ankle and knee, Wednesday evening, as she was leaving the house of a neighbor, Mrs. Head, who lives on the corner of 2d and Walnut streets. Dr. A. W. Johnston was called in and gave the proper attention to the injured lady who was resting comfortably the following morning.

The second trial of A. S. McGarity, for selling a half pint of whisky, resulted in a disagreement eight jurors being for the defendant and four for the prosecution. The case has been continued until Friday work, also the case against G. O. Bedford.

At the time this report closed, a case against G. E. Dorn had been called but the trial had not commenced.

Mr. Wm. H. Bonta, an old citizen of Boyle county, who has been living in town for several years past, dropped dead Wednesday morning in front of his door. He was engaged to shoveling snow from his door to the gate, when he fell and died without a struggle. He leaves several children, his wife having died about a year ago.

Capt. R. M. Boone, of the revenue service, in a recent trip to the mountains was in the neighborhood of White Oak church, in Pulaski county, one Sunday, and being of a devotional turn of mind, attended the services, which were conducted by a Baptist brother named Esos Allen. Before beginning his sermon Brother Allen referred to some young members of his flock who had attended summer "apple parties" during the fall and at the conclusion of same of them, had engaged in the awful sin known as dancing. He referred particularly to one young person who had died after slitting in the manner described, whose case he had immortalized in an original hymn (?) which he proceeded to sing to his congregation. The captain was so much struck with the composition as well as the manner of the singing that he sought an introduction to the preacher and asked him a copy of his ode. Brother Allen heard the request graciously and promised to send the desired copy by mail, as that of the Captain reached him by mail, one day this week. The following is a true copy:

Good people hark, while I relate
What happened in Kentucky State.
A young woman lately died
And dropped from all her wealth and pride.

She once professed the Lord to know
And did with Balaite to meeting go.
'Till the young stoners drew her off
And brought her soon at Balaite to scoff.

One Friday morning she look sick
Her stomach heart began to sick,
Her eyes, alas my days are spent,
On Lord, too late for to repent.

She called her parents to her bed,
Her eyes a rolling in her head,
Father and mother, farewell,
Your tender daughters' soul for hell.

Her brothers and her sisters, too,
To them she bid a long adieu
The only thing I have to tell,
My precious soul is bound for hell.

Her nails turned blue, her language failed,
She closed her eyes and left the world,
Her weeping friends around her bed,
Oh, in this daniel, daniel dead.

They brought her coffin, nailed her in
They bore the awful, painful sin,
To see her corpse laid in the ground,
Ten thousand tears were shed around.

Oh Lord, how did her parents mourn,
How they the clouds a rumbling down,
My lovely daughter for you well,
Your tender soul is gone to hell.

Young people, let this be your case,
Oh pray to God and seek His face,
And on your knees for mercy cry,
Lost you in sin, the Balaite, die.

THE END. ENOS ALLEN

RELIGIOUS.

Rev. T. P. Hale, of Danville, will preach at Bright's School-House Saturday night, 22d.

Rev. R. B. Mahony and W. A. Simmons have just closed a twelve days' meeting at Middleburg, which awakened great religious interest in that section. Five confessions of Jesus Lord. Mr. Mahony, who has been pastor of Middleburg church, has tendered his resignation. He leaves it in good condition and he says he never knew a better people, nor one to whom he became more endeared.

TO OUR PATRONS!

Beginning with the New Year,

—WE WILL BE—

BETTER PREPARED!

—THAN EVER BEFORE. OUR STOCK, CONSISTING OF—

Groceries, Queensware, Hardware, Tin-ware, Stoves, Harness and Saddlery,

—IS—

By far the Largest Ever Brought to Stanford. Having added a

WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT

To our Stock, enables us to buy Goods in Large Quantities, and by paying spot cash for them, we guarantee to offer CLOSER FIGURES than any House in town.

We have recently Added a Line of Wagons to our Stock, and, beginning with the New Year, will add a Full Line of all kinds Farming Implements and Machinery.

We will handle no Implements on commission, but buy them straight out for the cash, saving all discounts. We ask no favors of any one, but with an equal showing, we will give you figures that will defy competition. We most cordially return our thanks to our friends for their very liberal patronage for the past year, and hope to merit a continuance in 1884. Respectfully,

BRIGHT & CURRAN.

LANCASTER ADVERTISING MESSRS.

B. F. WALTER

SURGEON DENTIST,

LANCASTER, KY.

Office over Citizens National Bank. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 5 P. M.

SAM M. BURDETT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LANCASTER, KY.

Will practice in Garrard and adjoining counties and Court of Appeals.

—VALUABLE—

Garrard Co. Lands

FOR SALE.

I offer at private sale my farm of about 200 acres, in Garrard, about one mile below Camp Dick Robinson, with large cottage house of eight rooms, in number one repair, all necessary outbuildings, and the land fertile and in a fine state of cultivation, nearly all being in grass. On the place is a distillery of about 100 bushels capacity. The turnpike from Danville to Lexington runs through this farm, and the location is very convenient. Also 100 acres, a part of the R. M. Jones farm, on the same place, adjoining the above. The 100 places will be sold as a whole, or divided to suit purchasers. The purchaser will have the option to take the distillery, or to have it removed. A small farm adjoining the above-described property, with fair improvements, in the intersection of the Danville and Boone Vias turnpike, containing about 65 acres. A small tract of 10 acres, adjoining land of T. Dunn. Also a store house in the town of Bryantville, a warehouse near the depot in Lancaster, a burial lot in the Lancaster cemetery, &c. All the above property will be sold on very liberal terms. For further particulars call on or address

W. M. MCKINNEY, Jr.,

Bryantville, Ky.

dep. 16 17

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

LANCASTER ADVERTISING MESSRS.

B. F. WALTER

SURGEON DENTIST,

LANCASTER, KY.

Office over Citizens National Bank. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 5 P. M.

SAM M. BURDETT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LANCASTER, KY.

Will practice in Garrard and adjoining counties and Court of Appeals.

—VALUABLE—

Garrard Co. Lands

FOR SALE.

I offer at private sale my farm of about 200 acres, in Garrard, about one mile below Camp Dick Robinson, with large cottage house of eight rooms, in number one repair, all necessary outbuildings, and the land fertile and in a fine state of cultivation, nearly all being in grass. On the place is a distillery of about 100 bushels capacity. The turnpike from Danville to Lexington runs through this farm, and the location is very convenient. Also 100 acres, a part of the R. M. Jones farm, on the same place, adjoining the above. The 100 places will be sold as a whole, or divided to suit purchasers. The purchaser will have the option to take the distillery, or to have it removed. A small farm adjoining the above-described property, with fair improvements, in the intersection of the Danville and Boone Vias turnpike, containing about 65 acres. A small tract of 10 acres, adjoining land of T. Dunn. Also a store house in the town of Bryantville, a warehouse near the depot in Lancaster, a burial lot in the Lancaster cemetery, &c. All the above property will be sold on very liberal terms. For further particulars call on or address

W. M. MCKINNEY, Jr.,

Bryantville, Ky.

dep. 16 17

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Bryantville, Ky.

Furniture.

I have the largest and best line of Furniture of every description ever exhibited in Danville, as a trial through my store will prove. My prices are as low as similar goods can be bought in the city, a fact well known to our customers. I also keep on hand a full line of

Undertakers' Goods!

And am ready to serve funerals promptly with a nice, new Hearse.

Orders by Telegraph Promptly Attended to.

B. K. WEAREN.

173-3/4

173-3/4

173-3/4

173-3/4

173-3/4

173-3/4

173-3/4

173-3/4

173-3/4

173-3/4

173-3/4

173-3/4

173-3/4

173-3/4

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor.

Published Tuesdays and Fridays.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM

When paid strictly in advance. If we have to wait any time, \$2.50 will be charged.

MUSTY RECORDS.

Made to Furnish Lively Christmas Reading.

Old Hickory Deposes in Bad English, Spells Dollar with a Big D and God with a Little G.

Patrick Henry's Peculiar Chirography.

BY JOHN BLAIN.

Editor Interior Journal.

Having heretofore in getting up material out of which to construct my annual reminiscences (Dick Warren can't beat that word) communications, exhausted my own office of its richest jokes and of its most interesting matter generally, and knowing that my nearest neighbor, Blain, had a large assortment of ancient manuscripts, I have availed myself of his kindness and borrowed some of his spiciest-looking ones for the present occasion. Without meaning any disrespect to Mr. Blain, or intending to avow any want of gratitude to him for his courtesy, I must say, in honor, that he keeps the most recent reading books I have ever "met up" with. From beginning to end their contents are solid accounts of quarrels and controversies very dryly and monotonously recited--either controversies between the Commonwealth and her citizens, the former accusing the latter of all sorts of mean tricks and the latter always denying; or disputes between citizens about the right of ownership and possession of certain portions of God's green earth; or about the non-payment or over-payment of alleged debts and demands and the usual thereon claimed and denied. Such a mass of quarrel-history as Blain's office contains is enough, viewed abstractly, to prejudice one against his own species. But when we reflect that the Creator, for some purpose or other, has made everything to differ from every other thing, it is not surprising that human beings with their different mental organizations, and most dispositions should quite frequently disagree on questions of man and man, which is Latin. So, as these disputes have to be settled and adjusted somehow, and as lawyers and officers have to live somehow, the lottery of litigation is perhaps not a bad invention after all. Still, I insist that the history of these disputes as recorded in these old books and papers makes the reader feel very homesick and sad.

In 1796 the courts, Kentucky having the jurisdiction of our present Circuit Courts were called District Courts. For the purpose of these courts the State was divided into six districts, designated as follows: Washington, Paris, Lexington, Frankfort, Danville and Bardonia districts. The Danville district was composed of the counties of Mercer, Lincoln and Garfield and the courts were held at Danville. At the date mentioned the judges assigned to this district were Samuel McDowell and James G. Hunter, who met at Danville on the 6th day of March, 1796 and proceeded to hold the court. The courts for this district continued to be held at Danville, though not always by the same judges, until as late as the year 1800, but how much longer I have not been able to ascertain. The orders show that the courts were held "at the Court-House," but of course no hint is given as to the locality of the building, nor as to its form and dimensions. Danville at that period was but a rough backwoods town, not that standing it had been previously (in 1792) selected as the meeting place for the first Constitutional Convention and no doubt had lively dreams of some day becoming the capital of the State, if not of the Nation. Indeed it seems that as late as the year 1800 that city was not only of scant size, but it could boast of but one "meeting-house" and the place was then 19 years of age. This information, as to the meeting-house I got from an order of the court, made in that year, directing a warning order against a certain non-resident litigant to be "published before the door of the Danville meeting-house some Sunday immediately after divine service." The meeting-house alluded to was most probably an old stone edifice that stood near the old burial-ground, and which, for many years was occupied and used as a church by the colored people. It was, I think, at first a Presbyterian church.

GENERAL JACKSON'S DEPOSITION.

In the papers of a suit of Nathaniel Hart against Wm. McGinnis, I find the deposition of Andrew Jackson, unquestionably in his own hand-writing and bearing the date of August 9, 1797. The existence of this paper has been heretofore mentioned in your paper, but I think none of its contents nor any particular description of it have been given. It appears from the record of this case that Nathaniel Hart held a note for \$100 given by Alex. White to Thomas Hart and that this note was placed in the hands of McGinnis to collect or have collected, and that McGinnis pretended to have placed it in the hands of Andrew

Jackson, "lawyer of Cumberland," for collection. It turned out, however, as shown by "Old Hickory's" deposition, that instead of putting the note in his hands for collection, McGinnis assigned it to him in payment of a debt which he (McGinnis) owed Jackson. In other words, McGinnis assumed the ownership of the note and appropriated it to the payment of his own debt. As Jackson had a pecuniary interest in giving the case this complexion, it is fortunate for him that McGinnis confessed judgment, as he did, in open court for the amount in controversy.

This deposition, while it is quite a clear statement of facts, plain enough to be understood by anybody, yet as a specimen of scholarship it is not especially creditable to the distinguished author. Its chief defects consist of wretchedly erroneous spelling and the unskillful use of capitals. The words here given indicate some of his ideas of orthography: "Reference," "Deposuit," "unwill," "bailance," "vaine," "waved," (for waived) and "didcalt." His use of capitals is not only reckless, but irrelevant, as he employs them in the spelling of the commonest of common nouns wherever occurring in his sentences, while he writes the appellation of the Great Jehovah thus: "Almighty god!" The fact that he thus names the Christian's God while he dignifies with heavy capitals the words "Dollar" and "Money" is calculated to suggest the thought that his favorite deity was the golden calf. I believe there are other proofs in the memoirs of this illustrious man that he considered the Almighty more useful to swear by than as an object of reverence and worship, and that his passion for money was such that he esteemed a dollar won on a sham horse race as being as fairly earned as if he had been forced to it. For my part I have neglected to offer sacrifice to Jackson all my life and in fact I fear I have not loved him as a real democrat should. To his perfectly honest and free spoken, I can not recall anything in his career that merits my full approbation, except his proposal on a certain occasion to hang a free-trader. (To this last remark Col. Welch's attention is specially invited.)

BENEFIT OF CLERGY. In the early days, for all felonies the punishment was death, as denounced by the law, but in the case of certain of such crimes the accused was allowed what was called the "benefit of the clergy," by means of which he escaped the death penalty and received a milder punishment in lieu of it. This milder punishment was that of branding, as instance of the infliction of which I find in the record of the trial of one Harlow at Danville in the year 1800, who was charged with "stealing one pair of full stockings of the value of 9 shillings, one glass tumbler of the value of 1 shilling and 6 pence and a dozen pewee eggs of the value of 9 shillings, the property of James Birney, of Mercer county." The record recites that the jury brought in a verdict of guilty; that the defendant claimed and was granted the benefit of clergy and then the Court says: "Therefore, it is considered by the Court that he be burnt in the hand which being done, in the presence of the Court and proclamation being made, as the manner is, and nothing further appearing against him, it is considered by the Court that he be discharged from his imprisonment and go thereof without day."

The James Birney who signed as prosecutor in this case was probably the father of the celebrated James G. Birney, who in latter years played so prominent a part in the United States as an anti-slavery agitator, being twice the nominee of the Abolitionists for the Presidency. The latter, according to Collier History, was born in Danville in 1792.

THE THOMAS LANKFORD MURDER.

A year ago I gave an incomplete account of the trial of the Lankford family for the murder of one Thomas Lankford in the year 1798. As at that time I only examined the papers pertaining to the investigation before the examining court, I could not give the result of the trial. I now find by the Circuit Court records that two of the accused, Micajah and Wiley Roberts, broke jail at Danville before trial and made their escape and after several continuances, no arrest having been made, the Commonwealth's Attorney had the prosecution as to them dismissed. There accomplices were three women, viz, Susannah Roberts, Sally Roberts and Elizabeth Walker. They were tried separately and Sally Roberts and Elizabeth Walker were acquitted, while Susannah Roberts was found guilty of murder. Upon motion of the latter's counsel the Court granted her a new trial, and thereupon the Attorney General entered a nolle prosequi as to her, giving his reasons for so doing as follows:

"Upon considering the circumstances attending the case of Susannah Roberts and although she has been found guilty of the charge in the indictment contained by a Verdict of her peers, yet as Elizabeth Walker has been tried on the same indictment on which trial the said Elizabeth was found Not Guilty, and the same proof produced against her as was produced against the said Susannah, and in consequence also of the Court having granted a new trial and from the probability of proof which would be produced on the trial of the said Susannah at the next Term by the two other women in the same indictment contained who are acquitted and discharged operating in favor of the Prisoner, and also by the advice of the prosecutor and of the Court and

also to save to the Commonwealth the expenses which attend her longer detention and further prevention, I have been induced to direct the Clerk to enter a Nolle Prosequi as to the said Susannah Roberts."

These reasons for discontinuing the prosecution, though the statement of them is not quite so explicit and "homologous," as Dick Warren would have made it, seem to me sufficient to justify the Attorney General's action. At all events as it has been acquiesced in by the Commonwealth for eighty-odd years, I believe I'll let it stand.

PATRICK HENRY'S HAND AND PEN.

Among the papers of a suit of Pauling vs. Jackson for the recovery of land, is filed as an exhibit a patent from the State of Virginia granting to John Jackson 100 acres of land on Dick's River. This document is signed by the great Apostle of Liberty, Patrick Henry, the then Governor of Virginia, and is dated March 24, 1786. It is partly print and partly manuscript and is on parchment. The Governor's name is written "P. Henry" and is very neatly written, with the P and the H connected by a graceful flourish of the pen, an idea which Patrick no doubt borrowed from Jim Bailey, of the Circuit Clerk's office, as he performs the same trick and in the same way. Why this great man wrote only the initial letter of his first name, contrary to the custom of his contemporaries, the document under examination doesn't explain. Possibly he was ashamed of his Irishness, or it may be that, like Jackson, he didn't know how to spell it.

Now, Mr. Editor, I believe I have nothing further to report from the Court-House except (this is a secret) the continued growth and spread of the fee-grabbing mania. This mania, which had its origin in the Circuit Clerk's and Sheriff's offices, is fast extending itself in all directions and your correspondent is in constant dread of its infection, notwithstanding he has lately been vaccinated and is diligently and daily reading his bible and taking all other precautions against wickedness of which he has knowledge. This thing is truly alarming. It has come to pass that a man can not enter the Court-house yard and get away alive without paying a tax bill or a fee bill, or else turning his pockets wrong-side-out to satisfy these fee mongers that he is broke. It is indeed a happy thought that I shall not have any of this to answer for in the awful future--provided my precautions work right.

J. B.

Stanford, December 1883.

GEO. O. BARNES IN SCOTLAND

"PRAISE THE LORD"

PETERHEAD, SCOTLAND, NOVEMBER 28, 1883.

Dear Interior:

Saturday being lovely, we drove down to the Buchanan's Light-House by omnibus. "Nee" means point. Buchanan point in our lingo. It is about a three mile drive, the road skirting the beautiful crown of the bay that Peterhead's harbor will be turned by government into a "Harbor of Refuge." At the central point of this circular coast indentation, lies the wreck of an old whaler driven hard and fast upon the rocky bank by a tidal wave last spring. She was at anchor in the open roadstead, waiting for a drunken crew that had been allowed to go on shore. A delay of a few hours sealed her fate. The Underwriters sold her at auction for £80, as she lay, and the lucky purchaser makes about £1,000 by his risky investment for a single heavy storm might have broken her to pieces. As it was, unexpectedly moderate weather enabled him to get her engine and boilers out, and everything else portable and valuable. And still she lies with the great breach in her side, by which the machinery was taken out, and with her bow pointing seaward, as if in defiance of the storms she had so often breasted and conquered, "gams to the last." One feels the pathetic side of the picture, looking at the broken wreck of such a good craft, of which the last vestige will soon disappear in the shape of firewood. For years she has made successive and successful voyages to Greenland; been "altered" by ice floes, "driven by fierce winds" gone to and fro safely, and now to be wrecked in bow-shot of her own harbor where she had so long lain in safety, taking in and discharging cargo! Another lesson for a thoughtful observer. I have seen such wrecks among my fellowmen, before looking at this ruined hull. And how many are yet to be hopelessly cast away with in sight and sound of the enjoyed yet neglected mercies of a long-suffering God and Savior! The lesson is fearfully common.

The fishing village of Boddam lies along the beach, 3 miles South, where upon a jutting pile of red granite rocks the Buchanan Light-House is built. The village "harbor," enclosed by winding among great rocks and almost inaccessible, save by the fishermen, who know every turning, is a little affair, just large enough to hold a small fleet of fishing boats, but a welcome nook in rough weather. The Light-House is a very perfect structure, round, but of granite quarried from Sterling Hill, which lies just behind it, with its inexhaustible supplies of the beautiful material; 100 feet in height; mounted by 167 stone steps in a circular stairway; 24 lamps with such a reflector like the "headlight" of a locomotive, the lights so spaced in three rows, running round a core of spindle, that in turning slowly, each flashes in turn at intervals of five seconds; clock-work, wound every four hours and the great weight dropping down the centre of the spiral

stairway, with a running capacity of 6 hours though only 4 are allowed to pass without re-winding; iron railing outside the glass-house at the top, from which one gets a superb view all round. A pleasant climb it was, and well worth the trouble, to look up and down that awful coast, pallid with merciless red granite, against which the restless waves dash in ceaseless attack, even in the mildest weather; and under the urging fury of a storm with a violence indescribably grand and dreadful. It was blowing a half gale as we watched it from our safe shelter in the glass dome of the Light-House, and we bear in memory for life the terrible beauty of the scene.

Continuing the subject of my last--the great industry of the little port--there are I know not how many boats, big and little, that hail from Peterhead. I saw P. D. 1245 on a boat coming into harbor from a fishing cruise. The Peterhead boats have, all of them, P. D. with their particular P. D. following, and all the boats from 24 miles North to 25 miles South of the port "hail" from this haven. That is, they are registered here, pay harbor dues here and are entitled to their berth in the snug retreat provided for all who duly pay their way. Perhaps 1,500 or more boats sail out of Peterhead, big and little. A boat with A. N. and a No. 18 from Aberdeen; D. E. from Dundee, and so on a variety. The cost of a boat for the herring fishery is \$1,200 to \$1,500 complete, and does not include nets, which are, as before described, 10x30 fathoms or 60x180 feet in dimensions, deep and long, cost £3 each with floats, ropes and all ready for the water. Fifty nets to a boat make the netting outfit worth \$750; so that a herring boat in trim for its full work represents a money value of \$2,000 on an average. Then there is risk in a good season of losing the nets by an over weight of fish. When the herrings get caught by the gills, in the meshes, they do not live long. While alive they assist, by swimming, the lifting of the net, but when lifeless become a dead weight, and if too many, down go herrings, net and all to the bottom, the light fabric refusing to bear the strain of such a load; so that the poor fisherman is beset with a "double trouble" in plying his vocation. If fish are scarce, poor pay; if too plentiful, worse, the loss of his net; not to speak of the sudden storms that wreck the stoutest craft at times. It is a life full of painful vicissitudes, at best, but also possessing such strange fascinations that the poor fisherman has no other employment for any other. He looks forward to the time when the proprietor of his own boat, he can have his stalwart boys do the hard work, while he sails in nice weather, as he likes. Even then he has his anxieties, with all his "well to do" prosperity, for the heart cannot rest in stormy weather, and the loved one in the boat at sea. "That is all that I have to worry me now," said our good friend John. "When the boys are out and the wind is high, many an anxious hour we have in the house." The pride of the fish-wives on Sunday seems to be concentrated on their immediate head gear, for such caps of snowy white I have never seen, even on the head of a Quakeress. No bonnets deface with inappropriate artificiality the pleasant but weather-beaten and care-marked countenance; only these caps of almost supernatural blech. The women keep bones, plant and gather mussel bait from the seaweed beach, put it on the haddock lines, and bear their full share of life's burdens--perhaps the largest, as is generally the case. These haddock lines are like our "trot lines;" bait four feet apart down, having lines three feet from the main cord, the whole 500 fathoms or 3,300 feet in length. The first four books are the "perquisites" of the one who lifts the line to the surface, whatever hangs upon them.

But I fear you will weary of fish diet, so let us change the subject.

(Continued in our next.)

If you are tired taking the large, old fashioned, gripping pills, try Carter's Little Liver Pills and take some comfort. A man can't stand everything. One pill a dose.

Public Sale

OF THE

LOGAN'S FORT FARM,

IN SUBURBS OF STANFORD, KY.

We will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on

Saturday, December 29, 1883,

The above Farm, containing about 205 Acres. It will be sold in six different parcels, to-wit: 1st, a Lot containing about 8 Acres, beginning at the Northeast corner of the Avenue leading to residence and on the Danville pike, and running with said pike North and back from said pike, so as to make from 6 to 8 Acres. 2d, a Lot immediately North of Lot No. 1, fronting on Danville pike and adjoining the lands of J. C. Hays and John S. Murphy. No. 3, about 30 Acres of Land on the South side of railroad, running up to a street of the town and easily accessible by said street. No. 4, about 10 Acres immediately opposite Joseph Parry's Mill and fronting the Hustonville pike. No. 5, contains about 90 Acres, including a large and excellent dwelling-house, barn and out-house, situate on the North side of railroad, except about 1 Acre, including the spring on South side of said railroad. The land will then be offered as a whole, the vendee reserving the right to accept either bid or none. It is seldom such a farm can be bought--in soil, water and eligibility of location unsurpassed.

Terms of Sale.--One-fourth cash; the balance in 6 and 12 months, notes negotiable and payable in bank, with 6 per cent. interest. Lien retained on land. Title perfect. Land sold by the acre and surveyed after and to purchasers. The sale will take place at 10 o'clock A. M. at the dwelling-house on the premises, and at the same time will be sold some good cattle, among them two thoroughbred, also some good Berkshire hogs.

E. M. ROCHSTER, CLARA B. HENNER.

M'ROBERTS & STAGG

DRUGGISTS,

Will Display the Largest Stock

—OF—

HOLIDAY NOVELTIES

—Ever Made in the City.

Presents for Everybody!

—From the Oldest to the Youngest, consisting of—

Books, Albums, Writing Desks, Toilet Sets, Vases.

Plush Mirrors, Plush Brush and Comb Sets.

Our Stock of SILVERWARE is Complete, with Newest Styles

Tea Sets, Cutlers, Knives and Forks, Napkin Rings,

Bud Vases, Toilet Bottles and other

Silver Novelties.

DIAMONDS, DIAMONDS! IN OUR IMMENSE STOCK OF JEWELRY

WE HAVE WATCHES SET WITH DIAMONDS, DIAMOND BRACE-

LETS, EARDROPS, RINGS, &c. ALL THE ABOVE WILL BE

SOLD VERY LOW. DON'T FAIL TO MAKE US AN EARLY

VISIT AND AVOID THE RUSH.

H. C. RUPLEY.

I have received and am still receiving

New Goods for Fall and Winter,

comprising the best in the market,

which will be gotten up in style and

make second to none in city or country.

Give me a trial. H. C. Rupley.

W. H. HIGGINS,

DEALER IN

Hardware, Horse Shoes, Groceries, Saddles,

Iron, Nails, Queensware, Buggy Whips,

Buggy Wheels, Stoves, Cane Mills, Harness,

Spokes, Grates, Older Mills, Lap Covers,

Rims, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars,

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and

Cast Pumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. The Roof-

ing and Gutting will have prompt attention.

Salesmen T. M. Johnston, W. B. McKinney.

"HEADQUARTERS."

As our heading indicates, we propose in the future to be head-

quarters for all goods in our line.

Our Specialties are Groceries, Queensware, Hardware,

Stoves, Wagon Material, &c.

We buy from first hands, in large quantities and for spot cash,

saying the discount. If you will only call and see for your-

self, we will convince you that you can buy goods CHEAPER

than you ever bought them in Stanford before and as cheap as

you can buy anywhere.

BRIGHT & CURRAN.

Penny & M'Alister

PHARMACISTS

DEALER IN

Drugs, Books, Stationery

and Fancy Articles.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded

Also

JEWELERS

THE

Largest Stock of Watches,

Clocks, Jewelry & Silverware

Ever brought to this market. Prices Lower than

the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Re-

paired on short notice and warranted.

Livery, Sale & Feed

STABLE!

AND HARNESS SHOP.

Nice lot of Horses and Fine Turnouts. Rates rea-

sonable.

COAL!

And can supply it in any quantity.

A. T. NUNNELLEY, Stanford, Ky.

PAPER PULPER FROM WOOD.

The following account of an important process will, doubtless, be found interesting:

The wood, four feet in length and of any thickness, is brought in at the base, placed in the bark-jack (one stick at a time), where two men, with draw-knives, rapidly peel off the bark. It is then conveyed by the elevator to the first floor, sawed in two-foot lengths with cross-cut saws, passed on to the rip-saw, where it is slabbled (that is, a small portion of wood on opposite sides taken off) to permit its resting firmly in the grinding engine. It is then passed to the boring machine (an upright and a one-half-inch auger, with foot attachment driven by power), where the knots are bored out. The wood is then placed in racks of the same size as the receptacle in the grinding-engine, and carried out to be ground. The grinding-engines are upright, and receive at a filing one-twentieth of a cord of wood.

The wood is placed in a receptacle, and, by a simple, variable, automatic process, is pressed flatwise between two outward-revolving rolls, composed of solid emery, which are flooded with a spray of water, carrying off the fibrillated pulp in a stream through revolving screens to the tank or stuff chest in the basement. It is then pumped up into a vat that forms part of the wet-machine. In this vat is constantly revolving a large cylinder, with fine brass-wire cloth, which picks up the particles of pulp out of the water and places them on the felt (an endless piece of woolen goods which makes between rolls, for different purposes, a continual circuit of the wet-machine). On the cylinder is turning a heavy roll, called the concha; between the two, where they meet, the cylinder leaves the pulp, with most of the water pressed from it.

The pulp now makes its appearance on the felt above the concha roll in a beautiful sheet, thirty-eight inches in width, and is carried along in a steady flow a distance of about eight feet, where it passes between, but not beyond two heavy rollers, the upper iron, the lower wood; it adheres to the upper roll, which is constantly turning, wrapping it up, and when a sufficient thickness is attained is cut off by a knife being pressed to the roll, attached to the machine for that purpose. It now leaves the roll in a thick white sheet, which is received by the boy in attendance, on a table conveniently attached to the machine, and folded into sheets fourteen by twenty-six inches. It is then placed on scales until the weight is 100 pounds, when it is placed in the press and firmly tied into square, compact bundles. It is now ready for shipment to the paper-mill, to be made into printing and tea paper.

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER.

There has been published in Brussels a curious work with respect to the origin of newspapers, in which the author claims for one of his own countrymen, Abraham Bercever, a native of Antwerp, the first idea of such a publication. And he not only declares that he was the first European journalist, but that he was, as well, the originator of illustrated periodicals. The first number of Bercever's journal which he has been able to discover contains an account of the battle of Eckren, which was fought in May, 1603. Up to the year 1611 it does not appear whether the issue was at regular periods; but after that date it became so, and in 1822 there had been 109 numbers issued.

The following extract from a letter written by a lady in Cleveland, in reference to the resting-place of our martyred President, will be read with interest: "So long a time has elapsed since the obsequies that many strangers visiting Cleveland are surprised to learn that a detachment of United States infantry are still detailed to watch the vault wherein lie the remains of our honored President. Night and day can be heard the measured tramp, tramp of the sentry on duty, and it is intended to continue this watchfulness until the body is deposited in the ground. Through the grated door of the vault can be seen the elegant casket given by the Masonic brethren. Covered with beautiful flowers, kept fresh by loving hands, it is still visited daily by hundreds of people, many of whom eagerly seek the cast-off blossoms as mementoes. Near the vault is the shelter-house, and on the other side of the lake the white tents of the soldiers are pitched. At the base of the hill upon which the monument is to be placed a glass house is erected, including the funeral-car, still trimmed with immortelles and the trappings of war."

DISADVANTAGE OF RICHES.

A very rich man once said: "I worked like a slave till I was nearly 50 to make my fortune, and I have been watching it ever since like a detective." This may be an exaggerated case of opulent misery, but the rich so often need solicitors for the amelioration of their condition as the poor.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF RUSSIA.

It may be a platitude, writes G. A. Sala, to remark that illustrious rank, as income of a great many thousands of roubles a year, a fine house to live in, a French cook and plenty of servants, and the bread of your coat all covered with stars and crosses, do not necessarily of themselves confer on humanity the thing called happiness; but it is expedient to remember this truism in view of the opinion that these adorn no states of existence more monotonous, more useless, and indeed more generally deplorable than those of the male members of the Imperial family in Russia. The Grand Duchesses are more fortunate. They have, at least, the chance of marrying foreign potentates, of escaping from his Imperial Majesty's jail—in which his Imperial Majesty himself is the chief prisoner—of conversing with free people, and of breathing free air. But here are these young, middle-aged and elderly imperial gentlemen, forming a caste apart, as isolated and comparatively as numerous as the imperial caste of the Yellow Girdle in China, condemned to pass their lives, buttoned and buckled and strapped up in the tight-fitting uniforms, and to wear helmets or forage caps on their heads. They were dressed in uniform when they were children; they live in uniform, and when they die they will be buried in uniform. Each adult one of them is mured up in a palace of his own as big as a barracks, where he keeps, or is rather kept, in safe custody by a swarming retinue of aides-de-camp, equerries, maitres d'hotel, grooms and lacquies, and the wages of this army of parasites added to the revenue apportioned to their Highnesses from a civil list of 10,000,000 of roubles a year, but which is practically unlimited, go far toward eating up the fat of the land, and grinding the face of the miserable moujik even to the bone.

DO SOME ONE THING WELL.

Let me say to the young, forming habits, one fact or truth looked at in all its phases, traced in all its relations, thoroughly mastered, is worth more, to head, heart and life, than a thousand superficially grasped and partially comprehended. Take a subject, think through it, round it, over it, under it, turn it over, look at it in all possible phases and relations; master it, make it your own; one book—read it, question it, doubt it, discuss it and analyze it; master it, and it will be worth a dozen read in a cursory or superficial manner; one text of scripture—fathom it, measure its length and breadth; try to detach it, and find the ligaments by which it is held; think down into it until you come, according to its own path, to Christ—for be sure, as He is the truth, every truth leads to Him in His own way—get into its very heart and look at it, for the peculiar glory of spiritual truths, like some temples, can be seen only from within. Climb to its summit. As literally, so spiritually, the best, widest, grandest prospect is from the top of its heights. It is the beaten oil that gives the brilliant shine. It is thoroughly digested food that gives us strength and health. I would not say read the Bible less, but meditate upon what you read more. He is not the best Bible student that remembers the greatest number of verses, or that is the most skillful exegete, of its difficult passages, or that has at his command the greatest number of its facts and truths; but rather that man who best understands its great fundamental principles that lie at the foundation and manifest themselves through every verse, and is the most thoroughly imbued with its spirit, that has the key of interpretation to the deepest meaning of the whole.

HUMORS of the Glendale (Mo.) train robbery: One man had with him \$300, and taking it out of his wallet he divided it into two portions of \$15 and \$135. His intention was to put the \$135 in his satchel, but in the hurry and excitement of the occasion he put the \$15 pile in the satchel, and when the robbers entered the car and he handed over the other \$135 he discovered his terrible blunder. A gentleman in the sleeper hid his wallet, containing \$175, under the cushion of the seat. When the robbers entered the train they ordered all the passengers to stand down toward one end of the sleeper, while they searched the car. The first cushion they raised was the one under which the \$175 had been planted. The leader of the train-robbers appeared to be very angry at such an exhibition of want of confidence, and made inquiries of the passengers as to who had concealed the money in such a place, but, being unable to ascertain, he said that it was a damned good thing for the man that he could not find out, for he would have killed him "too quick." Another passenger hid his money and watch in a spittoon, and attempted to get clear by turning over \$2.50. The leader told him that first-class passengers in the sleepers always carried more money than that, and that he could take his choice, to hand over his money or lose his sweet life, while the muzzles of two revolvers were held in close proximity to his head. He decided to take his chances on the former, and gave up his money and watch, which were fished out of the spittoon and turned over with profuse apologies.

TWO ROSES.

I send two roses to my fair—
A red one and a white one;
And if she loves me she will wear
The pure white rose to-night;
But if my love deny me grace,
To bid my hope be dead,
In her sweet bosom will she place
The fatal one—the red.

In hope and fear the day I spend;
Each moment slowly goes,
For all my future doth depend
Upon a simple rose.
"Oh, that the night would come," I sigh,
Then wish 'twere only noon.
For me, if hope be doomed to die,
The night will come too soon.

She comes! and with her comes a breath
Of roses on the air,
And be it life or be it death,
I look upon my fair,
I see the white rose on her breast,
The red rose on her cheek;
What need of words to tell the rest,
So plain these roses speak!

—The Republic.

SOME WILLS.

Every now and then we see wills in the *Illustrated London News* which astonish us by the magnitude and benevolence of the pecuniary bequests. Such are the enormous bequests of Mr. Gardner to the blind, and of the late Mr. George Henry Moore, who left sporadic legacies in every conceivable direction. We naturally augur all good things from such amply-minded testators. But perhaps a still higher degree of sympathy and credit ought to be attached to those generous-minded beings who have made their benefactions in their lifetime. Such were the late Mr. Atwood, whose anonymous benefactions of £1,000 each were acknowledged incessantly in the second column of the *Times*; the late Mr. Kemble, of Bath, whose immense gifts were of the rarest delicacy and kindness, and Mr. Holloway, who has proved such a benefactor to the insane of the middle class and to the cause of the higher education of women. When we read of a rich man leaving an enormous fortune to the Metropolitan Board of Works, we suspect an unusual combination of the prosaic and imaginative in his composition. It was much more sensible of Mr. Neale to leave his money to the Queen. You very often find rich people leaving money to the rich, and even poor people doing the same thing. Although some cases may admit of explanation, it appears to me that this is an indication of a very mean order of character, and is carrying anobility beyond the tomb. The will of Rabelais—if, indeed, this curious will is really his—gives quite the spirit of his works: "I have no available property; I owe a great deal; the rest I give to the poor." One thinks much of the kind-heartedness of people who leave money to dumb animals; always provided, however, that they have not cut out their relations in favor of cats and dogs. Not only to cats and dogs, but to horses, parrots and other birds, and even to fishes, have handsome bequests been left. Even Lord Chancellor Eldon left a small annuity to his dog, which is a relieving feature in his character.—*London Society*.

CAN CELIBACY BE EXCUSED?

Young men are continually advised and urged, privately and publicly, to take a wife, the supposition being, whether erroneous or not, that young women are very willing to be taken under almost any circumstances. The postulate that marriage is always desirable is obviously false. It is only desirable when such conditions exist for and between the couple as are far from common, and frequently attainable. The prospect of conjugal misery would seem to be quite as good as the prospect of conjugal happiness, and no amount of forethought will insure any pair against sharp disappointment and bitter discontent. Everybody is aware of this—it is little less than a truism—and yet on all sides precepts are recond in favor of universal matrimony. Many persons do not wish to be married, and more—generally those anxious to be—are not fitted for the state. Good wifehood or true husbandship is not inherited with birth; nor does it appertain to the multitude. Those who cannot live alone cannot as a rule live together. Conjugal adaptation is evidence of self-discipline, of forbearance, of individuality. The best wives and the best husbands are doubtless they who, with a variation of their destiny, would have made model maidens and model bachelors. Nor is it improbable that many who would have been the noblest patterns of wedded domesticity are to-day enjoying themselves in single blessedness.—*New York paper*.

EX-SUPERINTENDENT KITILE, of New York, sent the following toast to a social gathering:

Our Public Schools—may their influence spread
Until stationer, grammar and diction are dead;
Until no one dare say in this land of the free,
"He's done" for he "did," or "he's" for he "was."

An Englishman says a derrier is a bit valve, because it is a hoister.

The *London Truth* is denouncing Canada as an incubator to the British Government. Of Manitoba it says it is a fraud, looked in by frost eight months in the year, and useless except for hunting and fishing. According to the *Truth*, the only part of Canada that is desirable is Ontario, and that, it claims, is bound by its position and business connections to become one of the United States.

ATTENTION, EVERYBODY!

Headquarters for Holiday Presents

PENNY M'ALISTER'S

Our stock of goods is complete in every department; ranging in prices from 5 cents to \$150. We would call special attention to our stock of Watches, Jewelry, DIAMONDS and Silverware. Prices Lower than the Lowest and Quality of Goods Guaranteed.

READ THIS & BE WISE!

—YOU CAN BUY OF—

S. S. MYERS!

Anything and Everything in the Confectionery Line,

Consisting of the Finest and Purest Fancy and Stick Candies, Oranges, Bananas, Lemons, Malaga Grapes, Raisins, Figs, Dates and Nuts of all kinds. He also keeps always on hand Fresh Baltimore Oysters in the can and bulk, cheaper than can be bought in the city.

THOS. METCALF.

WALTER W. OWSLEY.

NEW FIRM.

METCALF & OWSLEY,

—DEALERS IN—

Staple and Fancy Groceries, Foreign Fruits, Queensware,

Glassware, Wood and Willowware, Tinware, &c. We make a specialty of Canned Goods of Every Variety.

Don't forget to call on us during the Holidays for Raisins, Prunes, Currants, Citron, Extracts, Oranges, Lemons, Cocoanuts, Malaga Grapes, Bananas and Every Variety of French and Plain Candies.

We will take pleasure in showing you goods and will give you the very lowest prices. Come and see us.
Very respectfully, METCALF & OWSLEY.

COME AND SEE

—MY—

TOYS AND CHRISTMAS TRIX

—Generally,—

Fancy Candies, All Kinds of Confectioneries,

—Which I Will—

NOW HAVE OPEN

AT BRIGHT'S OLD STAND

—CORNER—

MAIN AND SOMERSET STREETS.

STANFORD, KY.

T. R. WALTON, Grocer.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., December 21, 1883

PLEASANTRIES.

Can a young lady who is everlastingly knitting her eyebrows be called industrious?

This only prize the English carried off at the Derby was a surprise, but it was a big one.

Time ago of discretion—The age when company airs can be put on or taken off as necessity demands.

Who says it is unhealthy to sleep in feathers? Look at the spring chicken and see how tough he is.

Do not tell a man he lies. It is vulgar. Say that his conversation suggests to your mind a summer-resort circular.

It has been definitely settled at last that the reason why the pig's tail curls is because it's steyed when it is young.

"Nonsense is impossible to him who wills." Nonsense; it is impossible for the man who wills to get ahead of the lawyers.

When a woman attains the age of 34 without accumulating a husband she enjoys attending one funeral more than a dozen balls.

A beautiful maid in Carlin's On the back of her neck had a hide; When her lover forgot, And hugged the sore spot, Her screams could be heard for a mile.

It is now believed that the oleomargarine factories put hair in their goods, thus rendering it more difficult of detection than ever.

Whenever young ladies learn how to stick a pin in their apron strings so that it won't scratch a fellow's arm there will be more marriages.

"If you want a broth of a boy, take me," said the Irish sailor to the cannibal King. But the King said he preferred him roasted. He wasn't fond of broth.

"What can run faster than a good horse?" was the conundrum, and the man who had had some trouble with his creditors guessed it at once: "The Sheriff."

This latest sweet thing for the ladies is ivory heels on wedding slippers. When the first-born gets old enough to get into mischief the ivory heels should be removed.

The New Orleans Picayune states that Philadelphia kick against the elevated railways. Jehoshaphat! This beats the best efforts of the Solomonic troops.

"Put upon my tombstone," said the dying man, "an epitaph stating that I was a scoundrel, thief and brute. Then people will think that I was a good man. Epitaphs always lie so."

A farmer in Harlem speaks 250 words. There being less than that number of profane expressions in the English language, it is presumable that the bird is something of a polyglot.

"Turn over the celebrated Mr. C.," the judge remarked, "a lady to her companion, as he passed them in the street. 'Excuse me, madam,' said he, turning sharply, 'you are mistaken; I am a man, not a lame lawyer.'"

"Yes, your honor, I am a fraud!" said one to another. "A fraud!" said the other, "I can't afford to hear that of my fellow; He's true and tried, and good and honest, And delicate and dainty." "Ah, yes, but then," said the first, "He's not of your own set, is he?"

Johnnie slipped down by the side of a banana skin, and as he rose from the ice and snow he said, "Thank my stars that I do not live in a tropical country, where the ice would be covered with banana skins."

The man who stepped out of bed and put his foot upon a piece of oilcloth says the occurrence is worth a fortune to him. He is going to freeze ice-cream by merely wrapping a piece of the material round the freezer.

A little pair of gloves that yet Retain the smell of clover, And just a tinge of muskiness; I turn them eagerly over, And wonder how the girl I loved— That night she promised to be true— Could join a number even of late Into a paltry number two.

ANECDOTE OF SOUVENIR TRUTH.

Some years ago, when Mrs. Child was presiding at an anti-slavery meeting at which the African "silly" was present, a clergyman asked permission to speak. It being granted, he mounted the platform and poured forth the following tirade: "I am an orthodox minister of the gospel. I came here this afternoon to hear some of the eloquence and wit which I understand were so abundant at these meetings; but, instead of that, I have thus far listened to little but insults heaped upon the clergy. It is the first time I ever thrust my presence among you; it will be the last. I can find a better use for my leisure hours than attendance upon gatherings where the only speakers are women and jackasses." He paused. There was a dead silence for a moment through the hall. Then Souvenir Truth suddenly arose from one of the rear seats, and addressed the chair: "The gentleman tells us he is a minister of the gospel," she said, "and so he probably knows what's in the scripture. There was another minister, a long time ago, named Balaam. He got mighty mad, too, at a snake-bite. But, Balaam Chalmers, I'd like to remind the gentleman that it was the ass, and not the minister, that saw the angel."

OLD HICKORY.

The Attempt to Kill President Jackson.

Andrew Jackson had many bitter enemies. Being naturally a man of violent temper, he had never learned to control himself, and in the discharge of his official duty he had been compelled to give great offense to many who honestly differed from him. His veto of the Bank bills and his prompt measures to put down nullification had inflamed the passions of his political opponents. Many said and believed that he was ruining the country, and he aggravated the feelings against him by his unyielding and imperious manner. A Mr. Randolph, who had been a Lieutenant in the navy and had been cashiered, attempted to pull President Jackson's nose publicly, and, report says, more than half succeeded. At least, the President's face was covered with blood. His pride was wounded in this case, but there was no actual danger. "Had I known," said Jackson, "that Randolph stood before me, I should have been prepared, and I could have defended myself. No villain ever escaped me before, and he would not, had it not been for my confined situation." (The President was seated in an arm-chair when attacked.)

For more serious was the attempt made upon the President's life Jan. 30, 1835. On that day the President and his Cabinet and both houses of Congress met in the hall of the House of Representatives to take part in the funeral ceremonies of a deceased member of Congress from South Carolina. As the President, near the head of the procession, was passing out from the rotunda of the Capitol and was about to enter the portico, a man stepped out of the crowd, and, standing not eight feet from the President, leveled a pistol at him and pulled the trigger. The cap missed fire. The man instantly drew a second pistol from under his cloak and again tried to shoot. But the second cap also missed fire. President Jackson rushed furiously at the assassin with uplifted cane, and would have felled him to the ground, but, before he could reach the man, Lieut. Godfrey, of the navy, had knocked him down, and he was speedily secured. The prisoner, who was an English house-painter named Lawrence Porter, explained his motives in words which apply with singular aptness to the case of the wretched Gassan:

Hearing on all sides that the country had been ruled by the measure of Gen. Jackson, the project of assassinating him had fastened itself in his crazy brain. The physicians who examined him reported: "He stated that, believing the President to be the source of all his difficulties, he was still fixed in his purpose to kill him; and, if his successor pursued the same course, to put him out of the way also."

Lawrence was placed in an asylum. The insinuations of the *Globe* that he was the agent of a conspiracy obtained no general credence. But Jackson himself always insisted that abler minds than Lawrence's had instigated the assault. Miss Martineau, who witnessed the funeral ceremonies and had a confused view of the exciting scene when the President was shot at, writes in her "Retrospect of Western Travel":

When I did go to the White House I took the briefest possible notice to the President of the "insane attempt" of Lawrence, but the word crossed his eye. He protested, in the presence of many strangers, that there was no insanity in the case. I was silent, of course. He protested that there was a plot and that the man was a tool, and at last quoted the Attorney General as his authority. It was painful to hear a chief ruler publicly trying to persuade a foreigner that any of his constituents had committed the crime, and I took the liberty to change the subject.

Gen. Jackson to his dying hour suspected George Poindexter, of Mississippi, of having participated in the attempt to assassinate him; but few, if any, even of his own partisans, shared in this suspicion.

A Kentucky gentleman stole four hives of bees, carried them several miles, and did not get stung once; but his honest man had gone within two feet of the bees he would have been stung fifty times.

Americans have earned a reputation for the number if not for the caliber of their inventions. Perhaps their success is as much due to the prevailing disposition to believe in an alleged discovery and to give it a trial. In England an inventor who proclaimed his invention looked upon like a cheating hen who has laid her egg. Doubtless there are occasions when he is over-joyed and unconscionable. Inventors have had more grievances and have appraised the world of them more than any other class of men. Here they are regarded as bores; in America they are entertaining, and everybody listens to them. That is partly why America offers a better field for the propagation of discovery. But Mr. Chamberlain told justly, as we believe, on one of our favorite forms of national self-depreciation, when he denied that the Americans surpassed him in the more solid and striking of the inventions which the world's registry of discovery records.—*London Times*.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Mike wanted to know the other day if we could tell the difference between a dromedary and the author of the "Galley Slave." While we were computing the multifarious differences there might be he took shelter behind the well-top and shouted: "Because one's all camel and the other's only Bartley Campbell." —*Venue's Gazette*.

THE HEAT OF THE FUTURE.

There can be no reasonable doubt that the fuel of the future, for use in our dwelling-houses, will be some kind of gas, distributed through the city precisely as illuminating gas is now delivered. The use of coal is extravagant, wasteful and inconvenient, and the dust and smoke arising from it add much to the impurities of the air, while the removal of from 100 to 200 pounds of ashes for every ton of coal burned is a great annoyance. Several substitutes for solid fuel have been proposed, all of which have strong advocates. These are steam heat, hot water and gaseous fuel. So far as the warming of dwellings is concerned, it must be admitted that Mr. Holly has succeeded in demonstrating that steam can be generated at a central station and economically distributed for this purpose. But for cooking purposes steam heat applied in this way cannot be made available. At the present time it is the custom to use steam for heating purposes at higher pressures than formerly, sometimes as high as twenty pounds to the square inch. The prospects for the hot-water system do not seem promising of great success. The practical difficulty of maintaining a constant circulation through a great number of pipes running in every direction seems to be almost insurmountable. Moreover, granting that this difficulty is overcome in practice, a fatal objection still remains, which is, that the temperature of an apartment heated by hot-water pipes cannot be easily regulated; for, if the room is too warm, the water cannot be shut off like steam, but must remain in the pipes if the circulation is interrupted, and part with its heat gradually, or, if more heat is required, the fires must be quickened, and the water has to make an entire circuit before the benefit is felt. The temperature of the water in the Pratt system—which is, perhaps, the best known of all—is to be about 400 to 425 degrees Fahrenheit. Such a high temperature involves a pressure at the boiler of not less than nineteen or twenty atmospheres, and it is doubtful if such a pressure can be regarded as quite safe. The system of heating that is destined to supersede all others is by means of a gaseous fuel. For this purpose a suitable gas can be manufactured very cheaply, and there need be no more difficulty or danger attending its use than is met with now in the use of illuminating gas. By passing a current of steam through an incandescent mass of coal, in a suitable furnace, the oxygen of the steam combines with the carbon of the coal to form a combustible gas, while the other constituent of the steam, hydrogen gas, which is also combustible, is set free. The mixture of carbon oxide and hydrogen thus produced is the so-called "water gas," and it is this gas which seems likely to come largely into use for a household fuel. A not unimportant fact in connection with this gas is that, although it will explode when mixed with the proper proportion of air, its explosive energy is much less than that of ordinary illuminating gas. The introduction of gaseous fuel would not necessitate very great changes in the stoves and ranges now in use. The convenience and economy of the system commend it to every one.—*New York Times*.

ORIGINAL SIN ACCOUNTED FOR.

In a certain minister's family the conversation once turned upon the character of the baby. Why was he so naughty? The brother, who had reached the age of 12, and was studying the steam engine in his interval of catechism, gave vent to his orthodoxy in the following suggestive inquiry: "Papa, as we all inherit the sin of Adam, and the baby is such a little fellow, is there not a greater pressure of sin to the square inch in the baby than in any of the rest of us?"

He who makes a baseless insinuation against a neighbor's integrity or honor is guilty of an injustice which is atrocious and monstrous in comparison with the petty depreciation of the despised he who breaks into his granary and surreptitiously carries away his corn.

INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF TOBACCO.

An intermittence of the beating of heart and pulse is one of the results of tobacco smoking. It is enough, in certain cases, to suspend or at least reduce the use of tobacco in smoking to see the irregularity in the functions of the heart disappear entirely or diminish. Young people who smoke show generally a sluggishness of intelligence and a strong or less-pronounced taste for strong drinks. In very young persons who cease to smoke and who are not affected by any organic lesion, the disorders of the economy which have just been mentioned disappear, often very quickly and almost always without leaving any trace.

ACTORS NOWADAYS.

Mr. John Drew is quoted as saying that on the stage "people are very well paid and very careful of what they do, and none of those marvellously funny, queer things happen that happened forty or fifty years ago. There is, I think, rather less genius on the stage, but there is more good conduct. These men who used to be very funny and very erratic—who used to get intoxicated here and get intoxicated there, and of whom people thought how clever they would be if they did not drink—scarcely any body of that character is on the stage now."

GEN. HARTSHOFF'S STORY.

"When I was a cadet," said he, "I was one rainy day on sentinel duty, when Gen. Scott, who was visiting the Point, came by, wrapped in a great military cloak and carrying a huge umbrella. Seeing me pacing up and down in the rain, the old gentleman's kind heart induced him to stop and say to me, 'Young gentleman, you will catch cold out in the wet. Come under my umbrella, and walk with me up to headquarters, where I will have you excused.' I marched by his side in fear and trembling, and, to my great relief, was not reprimanded by the commandant."

Again he told us: "I was once ordered to the front to take part in a forward movement under Gen. Shields. Shields, he it known, had unquestionably kissed the Marneystone. I arrived with my regiment in the evening, and at once reported at the General's tent. There were a number of Colonels sitting and standing about the tent; and when I went in Gen. Shields came forward to meet me, and, putting his hand up to his mouth, whispered in my ear, 'I'm glad to see you here,' emphasizing the you in a complimentary manner. Presently another Colonel arrived and came in, when Shields stepped up to him and went through the same motion. Then another arrived with the same result. When we were all dismissed, with orders to report next morning at daylight, we hid the General good-night and walked outside together. When we were out of ear-shot, said I, 'Gentlemen, I think I can tell each one of you what Gen. Shields whispered to him.' What I said I asked they all. 'Why,' said I, 'he simply said, 'I am glad to see you here.' Every Colonel bowed assent. Gen. Shields had politely and politely addressed to each one of us the same gratifying formula, but next day we fought none the worse for that, although an occasional smile would break out."

Again he said: "I was one time discussing in Washington with Gen. Sheridan the real value of brevet rank. I argued that brevets should be limited to a very few. Sheridan contested that they ought to be generally bestowed for meritorious services. We were indulging in a glass of punch together. I took up Sheridan's glass of rightly compounded punch and poured its contents into the water-pitcher. 'There,' I exclaimed, 'I have illustrated the value of a liberal system of brevets. Drink your punch!'"

THE GREATEST EDITOR.

The Springfield Republican speaks of Emile de Girardin as the "greatest editor in the world." There is no doubt that after the death of Delane, of the *London Times*, Girardin was as the Republican describes him. As a newspaper man at large, Girardin was the greatest man who ever existed. He wrote as striking an article as Horace Greeley, managed the writings of others, like Delane, and excelled James Gordon Bennett, the elder, and the first John Walter, as a publisher. The great latter-day success of Parisian journalism—the *Little Journal*, was Girardin's. The daily circulation of this marvelous little paper exceeds 500,000. The latest figures, we believe, are above 600,000. This *France* is Girardin's political paper, a large and, for French press-work, a handsomely printed sheet—carried and made famous and lucrative by Girardin's articles. The great editor lived in a palace between the Arc de Triomphe and the building of the exposition of 1878, and entertained in princely style.

A LITTLE 4-year-old girl wanted to go to Sunday-school, so her mother taught her the verse of scripture, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," and let her go. This is the way she repeated her text: "The Lord is my shepherd, but I don't want nothing."

A MISSISSIPPI pilot saw a comet, and immediately cried: "I've got 'em; snakes I've had before, but the stars have got tails on 'em; I'm a dead man."

A SMALL BOY'S WANDERING THOUGHT.

A good mother, whose 5-year-old boy is exceptionally conscientious and devout, has often been smitten with a pang of apprehension lest her darling might be too good for this world. The thought came into her mind the other day, when her head was bowed by the side of her child's at prayer-time; but this pain was quickly banished by a very different feeling when the little boy said, in a low whisper: "Mamma, can't I go to the circus to-morrow? There's going to be a horse on stilts."—*Sunday-School Times*.

WHATEVER facilitates our work is more than an omen; it is a cause of success. This is one of those pleasing surprises which often happen to active revolutionaries. Many things difficult to design prove easy to perform.

A Toronto wife was shot by her husband, and the doctors told her that she probably would not recover; but she refused to make any statement unless they would declare that she would die beyond a shadow of doubt. "If this hurt is going to kill me," she said, "I don't mind if my husband gets hanged for it, and I'll furnish all the evidence I can. If I get well, I shan't want him sent to prison, for I'd be pretty sure to want to live with him again."

EDMISTON & OWSLEY

STANFORD, KY.

We will be better prepared during the coming year to

SUPPLY THE WANTS

Of this Community than we ever were. We intend that our stock of

Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Trunks, Carpets, Wall Paper, &c.

Shall be more extensive than any stock heretofore kept in this market.

Thanking our friends, one and all, for their generous patronage during the past year, and soliciting its continuance, we are, respectfully,
EDMISTON & OWSLEY.

M. D. ELMORE,

Presents the compliments of the season, and begs to say that he is prepared to serve his customers with the following goods:

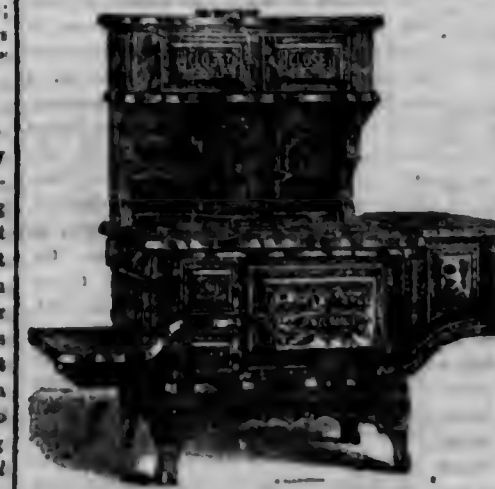
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Staple and Fancy Groceries,

Dry Goods, Notions, Ready-Made Clothing,

Table and Pocket Cutlery, Queensware, Oranges, Lemons, Apples,

And many other articles too tedious to mention. Choice FLOUR made at J. E. Farris' Mill. All of the above articles at Bottom Figures.

THE JEWEL RANGE



Still has the lead. Nothing will be more acceptable as a family

Christmas Present.

Mrs. M. D. Elmore, Mrs. A. K. Denny, Mrs. Mary Bowman and Mrs. J. H. Shanks have lately ornamented their kitchen with one.

THE OLIVER!

Is almost as familiar in every household as Santa Claus himself. I have also the CHAMPION and AVERY Steel Plows. Corn Shellers with and

without Fans, Cutting Boxes, Pumps, &c., and everything kept in a First-Class Hardware House. Groceries, Harness, Stoves, Tinware, &c.



To my friends who have so liberally divided their trade with me for the past year, I tender my sincere thanks and ask a continuance of your trade the coming year.

Very respectfully,
W. H. HIGGINS.

